

L. H. P. Melle

THE

SPIRITUAL TIMES

A WEEKLY ORGAN DEVOTED TO THE FACTS, PHILOSOPHY, AND
PRACTICAL USES OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

WE HOLD THAT GOD IS OUR FATHER, MAN OUR BROTHER, IMMORTALITY OUR DESTINY.

Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

"The life that now is shapes the life that is to be.

No. 105, Vol. III.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1866.

PRICE 2d.

Spiritualism unfolds to our internal senses substantial realities, presenting us not only with the semblances, but the positive evidences of eternal existence, causing us to feel that the passing shadows we speak of belong not to the spiritual, but the material world. It is easy to imagine that we are dealing with the absolute and enduring, because we associate our thoughts with the external and apparently lasting; but, on reflection, we discover that the only absolute and enduring facts are beyond the tomb.

TO THE FRIENDS OF SPIRITUALISM.

It has already been announced in our columns that Mr. Cooper, owing to the heavy monetary burden resting upon him, would cease bearing further responsibility in the publication of the *Spiritual Times*. This number of the paper is the last for which Mr. Cooper holds himself responsible. A Committee of gentlemen, interested in Spiritualism, and desirous that the *Spiritual Times* should be continued, have formed themselves into a Committee, and have each guaranteed from £5 to £10 a year towards its support.

A large sum of money is required. The Committee have much pleasure in thanking those who have already subscribed, and earnestly solicit further subscriptions.

The Committee have taken upon themselves the responsibility of the next four issues of the *Spiritual Times*, to allow sufficient time to obtain subscriptions. In the meantime we hope that those of our friends who have not yet subscribed will do so, and thereby strengthen the hands of the Committee, and give the *Spiritual Times* fresh life.

Subscriptions, which will be handed over to the Treasurer and duly acknowledged, may be sent for the present to the "Spiritual Times" Office, 14, Newman-street, Oxford-street, W.

THE BROTHERS DAVENPORT IN LONDON.

On the night of Easter Monday, the Brothers Davenport and Mr. Fay returned once more to their "old stamping ground," the Hanover-square Rooms, London. They have been to Dublin, Cork, Belfast, Glasgow, and Edinburgh. At each of these important towns they have been handsomely received and honourably treated by the press and the public. The accounts of their *séances* given in the newspapers have been, with scarcely an exception, fair and courteous, and they have in no instance encountered the most un-English and discreditable violence that once assailed them in a few towns in the north of England. The most enlightened journalists have acknowledged, not only that the mode in which the "manifestations" have been produced has not been discovered, but, after the best opportunities for investigation, they offer no solution of the mystery. It was hoped that the philosophical acuteness of Scotsmen at those famous seats of learning, Edinburgh and Glasgow, might have thrown some light upon the subject, but the

simple fact is that the most learned can no more explain the matter upon any natural hypothesis than the most ignorant; and, so far as any philosophical or reasonable explanation is concerned, the whole learned world is in the same position it was when the Davenports first landed in England.

No imposture has ever been detected; no trick has ever been found out; no confederate machinery, or any mode of producing the marvels of their *séances*, has ever been discovered, nor has any theory been offered that is worthy of one moment's attention. Some scores of the cleverest, sharpest, and most sceptical men in England have given the phenomena a careful investigation. Some of these have frankly declared that they could find no evidence of trick or fraud; others have, excepting to their confidential friends, kept a prudent silence. A few blatant fools, who are incapable of reasoning upon the plainest facts, have kept up a cry of humbug, and other fools have echoed the cry—but no one has ever shown that either the Davenports or any other person have produced one of the physical effects exhibited in their presence. The writer has tied one of the brothers with his own hands, and carefully examined the tying of others. He has watched every test with the closest scrutiny, in private as well as in public, and he is perfectly satisfied that these young men have no active agency in the matter, and that all ideas of tricks or confederacy is simply impossible; and any man of sound common sense, who will take the trouble to examine the matter, must come to the same conclusion.

As the present may be the last opportunity of witnessing so extraordinary an exhibition, we hope that every man capable of forming a scientific opinion will take this opportunity of examining facts, which are certainly as curious as any the physical world has presented. To denounce them as the result of imposture without such an examination is a gross injustice—it is an injustice to these young men, who have for so many years steadily protested against such an accusation, and it is an injustice to all honest people who wish to know the truth.

Can there not be found, in this world of London, one man of scientific character and reputation, or several such, who will undertake to bring this matter to the test of an earnest examination? Or are they, one and all, in a position before the public of so shaky a character that they dare not run the risk of being obliged to acknowledge the verity of these manifestations?

Is Professor Faraday, for example, afraid that it would blast the brilliant reputation he has acquired, if he, like Professor Hare, should examine and become satisfied that there was no imposture? Do the Professors of the Royal Institution believe that its founder, Count Rumford, would have shrunk from the consequences of such an inquiry? Assuredly he would not have done so, for he was an honest and brave man, truly enlightened and conscientious. Never did the world need, more than now, physicists and philosophers of a similar character.

The Brothers Davenport and Mr. Fay have always done their part fairly and honourably. They have given every

possible facility to those who wished to examine the most remarkable phenomena of this age. They have been ready to go to any private house, or learned institution or university, and ask nothing better than that the whole scientific ability of the United Kingdom should test the truthfulness of their solemn declarations. The world calls them tricksters, cheats, impostors. They solemnly and indignantly deny that they are anything of the kind. Before God and man they plead "Not Guilty" to the foul and disgraceful charge—disgraceful to those who make it, if untrue—and put themselves upon their trial, asking only that fair play which men accused of the most atrocious crimes may demand of their accusers.

MRS. MARSHALL AT BRIXTON.

A SMALL party of ladies and gentlemen assembled at the private residence of a lady at Brixton on Thursday evening, March 29th, to have a *séance* with Mrs. Marshall. After partaking of tea, most of the company sat round a heavy table. We stood a little distance off, watching the proceedings, but the spirits called us to the table. Presently rappings muffled and low, at first, then loud, were heard.

We should mention that one of the ladies, Mrs. R., who has become a drawing medium, having executed, under spirit-influence, with pen and pencil, some curious but most interesting drawings, sat next to Mrs. Marshall, and was influenced in a peculiar manner, her hand was used to spell words from the alphabet, and to make passes upon one or more of the company. Less light was demanded by the spirits; accordingly the gas was lowered a trifle; then commenced a series of phenomena of a very surprising character to those who had never before witnessed such. Mrs. R. several times cried out that something like a hand was pinching her. Some of the ladies' dresses were held firmly by an invisible hand, and a pocket handkerchief was held by a lady against the table, with the request that it might be knotted; no knot was tied, but the handkerchief was pulled as though by a strong hand from the bottom. This experiment was even more convincing than the pulling of the dresses, because the handkerchief only reached a little distance down from the table, and no foot could possibly tread on it, if such a hypothesis can be accepted as a solution to the tugging at the dresses. It was now requested that Mrs. Marshall would go to the door and try to elicit knockings in the panels. She placed her hands against the door, so did one or two others, and immediately loud knocks were heard as though struck on the opposite side of the door; this experiment was repeated with satisfactory success later in the evening, when the knockings not only came upon the door, but also in the wall by the side of it.

When we had resumed our seats round the large table, we requested the spirits to be kind enough to knock upon the legs of the chair upon which we sat. The request was no sooner made than the chair trembled from the effects of the knockings which came upon its legs. A lady who expressed to us her scepticism was touched by something invisible, and cried out several times, exciting laughter. One of the ladies wished a guitar to be played by the spirits; it was placed under the table. A lady went to the harmonium and played "The Last Rose of Summer." No music came from the guitar, but it rose and danced about under the table as though alive, striking against some and gently touching others. After a little while the strings of the guitar were heard, and a few discordant notes were struck whilst the guitar was at the opposite side to Mrs. Marshall. Many requests were made for the table to be levitated. It was lifted about a good deal, but did not rise from *terra firma*. It was suggested that a smaller table should be used; the spirits consented, when much amusement was created by the manner in which a little round table ambled and leaped and tumbled about the room with one or two hands slightly resting upon it. It rose above the floor several times, and made one or two fruitless efforts to leap upon a sofa.

The company re-seated themselves round the table. One gentleman requesting the privilege of asking mental questions. The words came—

"M—— H—— IS HERE;"

this was the name of some relative or friend. Then came—

"YOU MUST HAVE MORE FAITH."

The gentleman thought of another name which was partly rapped out. A lady thought of a name she wished spelled out; "P—Y" was given—she declared it to be right. A number of names were written upon paper, and after one or two failures, the names wished for were rapped out.

The guitar was again placed under the table, and was thrummed and moved and knocked about, now touching one person, now touching another, and exciting much interest. Some paper and a pencil were placed under the table, with a request that the spirits would write something. There the pencil and paper lay, but no writing was done until we had almost forgotten them. A lady took a ring from her finger, and it was placed beside a tumbler under the table. "Please drop the ring in the tumbler?" asked one. "Yes," replied the invisible or invisibles. No ring was heard to drop in the tumbler, but the tumbler was made to jump about with agility, and was knocked upon the floor with great force. We waited a weary time expecting the ring to be dropped into the tumbler; at last, one asked—"Will you drop Mrs. R.'s ring in?" "Yes," Mrs. R. took off her ring. It was placed under the table beside the tumbler; all was stillness, when click went the ring, the glass was picked up and the ring soon in it by the whole company. Rappings now called for the alphabet. The paper was ordered by the invisibles to be picked up—it was done, and to the delight of the company, some writing was upon it, but unfortunately no one could read it. "Will the spirits decipher the writing?" "Yes." They spelled out—"GOOD NIGHT," which was doubtless the meaning of the hieroglyphics on the paper.

The *séance* finished with a most marvellous series of rappings which gradually grew more and more indistinct, until they died out, putting us in mind of Tennyson's

"Answer, Echo, answer,
Dying, dying, dying."

We have much pleasure in giving our readers this detailed account of the sitting at Brixton. It affords another of the many evidences we have already had of Mrs. Marshall's honesty and wonderful medium-power. Sceptics have declared to us over and over again that they feel confident that she has, in her own house, some mechanical contrivance by which the knockings are produced. But here she was in a lady's house at Brixton, where no machinery or confederacy was possible, and yet no rappings or knockings need be louder or could be more convincing than those heard on this occasion. It would be well for those who are so sceptical if they would test Mrs. Marshall's powers before condemning her as an impostor. We have no hesitation in saying that, under fair conditions, the marvels of her *séances* could overturn the philosophy of this materialistic age. Already the ranks of Spiritualism number some hundreds who would probably never in this world have prized a faith in immortal life had it not been for the extraordinary, though rough, phenomena through the mediumship of the Marshalls.

ITEMS.

THE *National Reformer*, we are glad to observe, makes the *amende honorable* to Miss Hardinge for its late inadvertence in stepping in the track of the *English Leader*. The *National Reformer* says:—

"In our last issue we quoted from the *English Leader* a paragraph concerning Miss Emma Hardinge, which we since learn is utterly untrue; and we take, therefore, this, the earliest opportunity, of expressing our regret, of apologising to the lady in question for any pain we might have caused her, and of furnishing, as far as possible, the antidote to such an injurious report. In the few words with which we introduced the paragraph there is not we think, anything to complain of, as we merely stated what was most decidedly our impression in reference to Miss Hardinge's political opinions. To have Southern sympathies, however, is, or most certainly was, considered by many ladies and gentlemen of high standing rather an honour

than otherwise. But if the paragraph which we copied from the *English Leader* had been true, quite a different judgment must have been given in reference to it. And here we cannot but express our surprise and regret that the editor of the *Leader* should so far have forgotten his usual policy as to have penned so injurious and unfounded a report. Had we seen the same words in many other journals, we should not have thought of quoting them without further inquiry. But knowing the editor of the *Leader* to be so intimately acquainted with, and so often in the company of, a gentleman who has interested himself so much in Miss Hardinge's behalf since her arrival in London, and who is a friend and school-fellow of Mr. Dove, her chairman—knowing all this, we did not, we confess, doubt the accuracy of the statement, although our surprise was very great; a surprise which we have since been assured was equally felt by many intimate friends of the editor of the *English Leader*. And now, after this, he will make his peace with some of his best friends we know not; his 'apology' in his last number is not, we think, calculated to bring about such a result."

Mr. Andrew Leighton has addressed the following letter to the Editor of the *English Leader*, whom we regret to say has not offered Miss Hardinge such an apology as might be expected from a gentleman who asperses the character of a lady:—

"SOUTHERN SPIRITS" AND THE PARAGRAPH FROM
THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE."

To the Editor of the *English Leader*.

SIR,—Since my arrival in town my attention has been called to two articles in your paper under the above titles, the one appearing on the 17th, and the other on the 24th inst., and, as in the latter you make as baseless a statement with reference to me as in the former you made with reference to Miss Emma Hardinge, I must beg you to have the courtesy to insert in your next, this explicit denial under your own authentication.

You do not allude to me by name, but as my friend, Mr. J. G. Crawford, has freely done so, in explaining the active interest he has taken in promoting the public addresses of Miss Emma Hardinge, the number of persons who are enabled to identify me by your allusions, is too extensive for me passively to allow so utterly groundless a representation as that I am, or ever was, "a Confederate sympathiser," to pass without the most emphatic contradiction.

How the notion ever got into your head is the marvel to me; for I feel pretty sure that you were present at one of the somewhat vivid discussions which I had with Mr. Crawford, and others, at his house, in the early stages of the American struggle, and, if so, you must have actually heard me defend the cause of the North, which has from first to last commanded my tongue and pen. Should I be wrong in this impression, as to your presence on at least one of these occasions, the notoriety of my position as one of the Vice-Presidents of the Union and Emancipation Society, and as active in the promotion of nearly every meeting on the subject held in Liverpool, was such, that one can hardly see how it was possible that the contrary idea could ever find lodgment in the mind of any publicist who has any acquaintance with me at all. It would seem that the more notorious the individual's association with the one side, the more reckless and unqualified is your assertion of his association with the other. Confederate sympathisers, like the holders of Confederate bonds, are not so easily met with since the defeat of their cause; but assuredly had my sympathies ever been on that side they would not have deserted it now.

I must not let this pass from my hands without doing you the justice of supposing that you must have hastily *inferred* that my sympathies were with the Confederate cause, from the fact known to you, that some of my most esteemed personal friends were among those committed to it; and from the further fact that, upon another topic, I had the temerity to take up the cudgels in defence of that "best abused," but most able and genuine man, and notorious Confederate, Dr. J. B. Ferguson. Had this been done by some poor literary hack, whose shrivelled soul could not appreciate a generous friendship between upright antagonists, it would have caused me no surprise; but that on so slender a base you could make so oracular a deliverance, and that you could do this, moreover, in a transparent attempt to shirk a manly and frank confession of a previous, and far more glaring wrong—a wrong done to a lady whose character is her capital, and who is peculiarly entitled to the chivalrous consideration of every gentleman connected with the press—this was an astonishment and a pain to me, which I should vainly attempt to describe.

Permit me one word more on the curious revelation of press morality which this case of Miss Hardinge's forcibly illustrates. Every one of the papers which has quoted the libel upon her, every one at least that I have seen, adopted it as if it were an original piece of authentic information, which the ubiquitous and "able editor" had extracted himself from "the New York papers." The *Leeds Mercury* took it from a London paper, the

Liverpool Mercury from the *Leeds Mercury*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, doubtless, did the same from one of its British contemporaries, and the *English Leader* took it from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, giving amplifications and comments making it peculiarly its own. One scarcely knows whether to admire most the touching reliance upon each other's integrity and care in the catering for pure facts which this exhibits, or the supreme nonchalance with which the appropriations are made, without the slightest acknowledgement of their source. Each jackdaw struts about in his borrowed plumes, until not only he is discovered, but he is made to see for himself, that his very plumage is not what he took it for, but false and utterly worthless, and that his wearing it has exposed him to the merciless pecks of the law. Then with wonderful celerity his theft is acknowledged, and his authority given up. Who would ever have known that your own version was based on a paragraph from the *Pall Mall Gazette* but for this exposure? And why do you call it "the" paragraph, as if you had previously stated its origin? Have you observed also, that other papers which quoted the *canard* have been as anxiously ready to quote its correction?

This is really a wretched piece of business. For the sake of mauliness and virtue, I trust you will never fall into the same snare again. Do not forget that the permanent influence of your paper depends upon its character as a reliable organ of facts and honest opinions. Make more such slips, and the *English Leader* will soon be known as the *English Misleader*, and find its speedy and deserved extinction in the limbo of all untruths.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
ANDREW LEIGHTON.

London, March 26th.

HAUNTED HOUSES.

(Concluded from our last.)

The haunted house in Fifth-street continues to be the town talk. It forms the principal topic of conversation in social circles, places of business, on the street, and wherever "men most do congregate." The bewitched dwelling is the great centre of attraction; for during the entire day yesterday and last evening hundreds of persons from all parts of the city congregated in front of the house, and gaped with open-eyed wonder at the wall of brick and mortar, which they supposed hid from their view the strange, unearthly, blood-chilling doings going on within.

The family are well nigh distracted with the rush of curious visitors. During yesterday a posse of police were stationed at the front door, who were kept busy in preventing persons from entering the dwelling. Nobody but members of the family, intimate friends, or clergymen, are now permitted to enter. Yesterday it was found necessary to remove two or three of the female members of the family to other quarters, their nervous system having become so shattered by the excitement of the past few days as to render the step necessary.

The older members of the family express their determination to "stick it out," although there does not appear to be any necessity for doing so, unless they are fond of the society of turbulent spirits, for friends and acquaintances in the neighbourhood who belong to the same church with the afflicted family, would gladly give them refuge until the ghost, hobgoblin, or whatever it is, has taken his departure for parts unknown.

During yesterday there were no particular manifestations on the part of his ghostship. Whether he, she, or it, is taking a breathing spell after the violent exertions of the past few days, and gathering up strength for a renewed attack on furniture, picture frames, crockery, &c., or given the whole thing up as a bad job, remains to be seen.

The advent of this spirit has been honey and nuts for the Spiritualists throughout the city. They have absolutely besieged the house morning, noon, and night, and each one has his, or her, theory concerning the disturber of the peace of a quiet family. There are unbelieving heathens who unhesitatingly assert that the Spiritualists are at the bottom of the entire affair, and that they got the exhibition up for the purpose of making spiritual capital. The family, however, all solemnly aver that they are not Spiritualists themselves, and have not the slightest belief in such nonsense.

During yesterday afternoon a party of Spiritualists almost forced themselves into the house, and, proceeding to one of the rooms said to be haunted, set themselves deliberately to work to investigate the phenomena in their own peculiar style. Their "incantation scene," was, however, slightly interfered with by a well-known Episcopal clergyman who happened to enter the house about this time, and, learning what was going on, advanced to the room where the "circle" was sitting, and, striking the table with his cane, commanded them to leave at once. The spiritual party took this delicate hint, and left in high dudgeon. The clergyman then called the family around him, and, after offering up prayers, proceeded to comfort them with his advice, and remained some time talking to those around him.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*, February 5.

"IS SPIRITUALISM DYING OUT?"

I DON'T know who they are that ask this question, but I am obliged to believe that their name is legion, since I hear so many persons ready with an affirmative answer, sometimes volunteered in the assurance that "the end will soon come," still oftener that it has been consummated; for the information of any of those eager investigators in search of *falsehood*, who may even descend to the depths of this "little dreary sheet" to find some truth to pervert, some act to traduce, or name to vilify, I venture to suggest a consideration of the following propositions, as portions of the basic principles upon which this *expiring* philosophy of ours is founded. Spiritualism comes to the world in a rudimental and wholly unsystematized manifestation of the science of mind. Its two great motive powers are magnetism and psychology. Its two clearly defined propositions are that the attributes of magnetism and psychology belong to the human soul, whether embodied or disembodied, and that in both conditions, spirit by aid of magnetism can and does act on matter, and by aid of psychology, controls mind. Its central truths are the demonstration of a spirit-world, and the immortality (or at least the continued existence) of the human soul after the change called death. There are many other manifestations of what we as Spiritualists believe to be fundamental principles developed by Modern Spiritualism, but the above propositions are all that I wish to point to in the present article.

My opening affirmation is that Spiritualism is the "Science of mind," and, as a science, the whole question concerning its possible decay, or its probable growth and ultimate development into a well understood and practically applied system, is at once answered.

We are informed, upon the authority of popular essayists and acknowledged leaders of public opinion, that many of the arts once known to, and practised by, the ancients, are now lost. Our ignorance of the mechanical contrivances by which the huge blocks of stone composing some of the Egyptian, Hindoo, Syriac, and other antique remains, were upheaved to their places, is cited as evidence of a lost art. The enduring tints of many of the paintings of antiquity, the composition of certain cements, and other tokens of mechanical and chemical knowledge now passed away, are frequently appealed to by those who have favourite theories to uphold on these subjects; and I refer to them here to ask any savans learned in such matters whether in all the evidences of change that have swept over the arts, any similar decadence can be shown in the departments of science? Confessing that my definition of the difference between the two words, art and science, is rather a matter of my own opinion than strict derivation from the lexicon, I again ask whether the sciences which I claim to be derived from the fundamental principles inherent in creation ever can perish, or be forgotten, whilst the arts, which are but modes in which scientific systems are applied, may change their form so utterly as to be deemed completely lost. Thus the science of mechanics, whose grandest known model is to be found in the system of the universe, together with every form that it includes, but chiefest and noblest of all, in the anatomy of man, can never be lost, never decay, or perish out of human knowledge; though the various forms in which the principles of mechanics can be exhibited, may be constantly alternating between ignorance and knowledge. The science of mechanics as a science once discovered by man, will live in his understanding for ever. The art of applying that science will change with other incidents of the age, hence a branch of the science in the form of an art, may be lost, but the root is as immortal as its source, and in the ever-changing mind of man, will be constantly sending forth fresh leaves in the eternal tree of knowledge. The same line of argument applies to chemistry, astronomy, geology, physics generally, and last not least, to metaphysics.

The basic principles which underlie the phenomena of creation are written in the illimitable laws of the universe; the discovery of those principles when reduced to a system is a science, when applied in practice is an art. Now, I, who for many years have carefully and industriously investigated the phenomena of life, death, animal magnetism, psychology, and Modern Spiritualism, affirm that which the testimony of millions of wiser mortals than myself will confirm, namely, that all the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism exhibit the action of magnetism and psychology; that all the phenomena of magnetism reveal the presence of unknown imponderable but universal fluids, both in the human form and in invisible influences about us; while the evidences of psychology, or the action of mind upon mind, is not only constantly manifest in human society,

but is as constantly displayed as proceeding from invisible sources in the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism.

The existence of the life fluids vaguely called "vital forces," "nerve aura," or "magnetism," can now only be denied by an ignorance too unworthy to quote.

The fact that scientific men in their egotistic pride or indolence, have not as yet seen fit to investigate the nature of these fluids with sufficient acumen and industry, and reduce their action to an understood scientific system, is no more evidence that the force does not exist than if we assumed there was no electricity until Franklin's experiments demonstrated it. The absence of modern Franklins does not deprive creation of its life-lightnings—only stereotypes the schools with ignorance, conceit, and idleness. The fact that some millions of persons have witnessed the action of magnetic influences and magnetic phenomena is not the less true because some other millions have not witnessed them.

The universal action of mind upon mind, and the despised, much abused, but still unexplained, phenomenon of electro-biology, are facts in the world, though proud "science" has not condescended to explain them, perhaps because she can not, perhaps, because she dare not; but certainly not, because she may not if she would study and investigate the principles upon which they operate; nor does the witness of the millions who have not witnessed the influence of invisible and supra-mundane psychologists, acting upon humanity, in one single jot invalidate the testimony of the millions who have witnessed it; hence scoffers, revilers, and sceptics, are in no position to pronounce judgment, whilst every person who has fairly, fully, and exhaustively investigated the subject of Modern Spiritualism as a corollary of animal magnetism, human psychology, life, death, somnambulism, &c., is in a position to say with me "I have neither had the opportunity nor experience, as yet, to reduce the phenomena of Spiritualism to a system, but I know it is based upon eternal and fundamental principles, and results from the action of imperishable forces which inhere in the constitution of the universe, interpenetrate all the phenomena of life and being, and continue to act in invisible intelligence, identical with the minds that have passed from the visible plane of earth; and, hence, I claim that Modern Spiritualism is the dawning of the science of mind, and when I can find evidence in human history that the clue of science once gained, is ever lost; when I can perceive that the principles of creation, once discovered, are ever quenched in oblivion, or their perception withdrawn from man; when I can be shown that any science (however changed its form of artistic exhibition may become), ever ceases to widen and deepen in its hold on the human intellect through all time; then, and then only, shall I admit that Spiritualism, the science of mind, (though as yet but in its dawning), will ever die out, or perish from the roll of immortal sciences. Fully aware that when large and powerful journals are called upon to prove, that which the accepted leaders of science don't know, nobody else ought to know; and destitute of all other means to defend this notable proposition, they greedily clutch at the ever-ready, because undying problem of Spiritualism as just the sort of food which a very ignorant multitude will the most readily swallow, perfectly conscious that when the great slough hound is on the scent, and opens his mighty jaws to bark, all the petty curs of the neighbourhood yelp and snap in feeble chorus, conscious that the sturdy life of Spiritualism is still an offence to the self-righteous, and a stumbling-block to the self-wise, I am fully prepared to find all the aforesaid little curs, for the aforesaid reasons, snapping and yelping around this seedling of a great movement that overshadows alike their feeble power, and still feebler intellects. But because Spiritualism is founded upon the immortal rock of immortal principles, I who have humbly and reverently beheld, in even this merely dawning-day beam, a new and glorious era of scientific and religious revelations for man, can afford to hear the growl of the Daily Thunderer, the feeble efforts of his chorusing satellites, and the still more petty echoes of the insects, that sit like flies on the chariot wheels of progress and wonder at the dust they make, and say "Do your worst." The world still moves; Spiritualism still lives, and will march on to its perfect development as the long sought for science of mind.

Should leisure and opportunity serve me, I propose in some future articles, to speak more in detail of the manifestations which, even in its present rudimental state, Modern Spiritualism affords of the nature of this science.

EMMA HARDINGE.

A FAMILY OF EXTRAORDINARY MEDIUMS.

SPIRITUAL phenomena are not confined, thank God, to America. As Mr. Howitt so clearly proved in his speech at Westbourne Hall, the other evening, they "are bursting up like fire under the feet of mankind in every region of the globe."

Here, in the heart of London, mediums are springing up amongst the exalted and the humble, and we are compelled to

halt in wonder. It has always, since we have written upon the subject, afforded us extreme pleasure to report the progress our glorious cause is making. We read of many extraordinary mediums in America, and often feel a pardonable disappointment that mediums are not more numerous and some of them more wonderful in their peculiar powers than they are in this country.

In a street in the north-west of London live a respectable family named Fusedale. The father is a respected and religious man, a member of a Chapel and a Sunday-school teacher. The mother is also a member of the same Chapel. She is likewise possessed of mediumistic power, and occasionally hears spirits talk, and is used by them in a demonstrative manner. For about eight years Mr. and Mrs. Fusedale have been firm Spiritualists. He is a quiet man, little given to society other than that of his family and his faith. His home is a perfect spiritual Heaven, the whole of the family recognising the perpetual presence of spirits, and realising the most beautiful pleasure in the society of their usual spiritual visitants. The family is made up of mediums. The most interesting and wonderful of these is Nelly—"Pretty, patient, prudent Nelly." She is five years old, and has the clairvoyante, clairaudient, and trance mediumship combined. The next is Sarah, seven years old, with similar powers. The next is Frederick, ten years old, powers ditto. These are the three of Mr. Fusedale's children, all of whom are highly-gifted mediums. But the power in this family does not stop here. Mrs. Fusedale has a sister, a little girl, Emma Randall, who lives with her, and takes upon herself the onerous duties of attending to the children. She is thirteen years old, and not only sees the spirits and hears them talk, but is a good rapping medium as well.

With such an amalgamation of medium power the Fusedales may well consider themselves highly favoured, and should (we believe they do) desire earnestly that these gifts may be wisely used for the benefit of mankind. Mrs. Fusedale, previous to a sitting we had with her family, recounted some strange doings of Jenny, her spirit daughter, who is said to be almost constantly with the children. She passed from earth at the age of four-and-a-half years. Jenny carries off her mamma's brooch, hides it upstairs, and seems to love the prank the more she plays it. On one occasion, Mrs. Fusedale says, her brooch was carried off by Jenny and was not to be found. It happened that the lady wished to have it back very much, as she had put on her afternoon dress and only wanted the brooch to complete her toilette. She uttered some words of annoyance at Jenny for keeping it from her, when all of a sudden little Nelly, the youngest medium, cried out, "Mamma, Jenny is pinning the brooch on your back." Mrs. Fusedale called some one to her, and there was the veritable missing brooch pinned upon her dress behind. This little interesting circumstance is not only evidence of the marvellous power spirits occasionally exhibit in carrying off substances, but it proves the gift of sight possessed by little Nelly. Moreover this was done in the light of day, and yet Nelly saw her spirit sister. Several other illustrations of an interesting character were related to us, but we must pass on to other particulars.

The spirit sister, Jenny, accompanies the children to school, and knockings are repeatedly heard upon the forms, for which the children get scolded. On one occasion Nelly describes a dark spirit following her to school. When she was called upon to read out loud, the monster placed his hand before the child's eyes so that she could not read. Several times she vainly strove to read, but was prevented by this imp of darkness. At length the teacher grew outrageously impatient, pronounced little Nelly stubborn, and beat her. So that little Nelly has already tasted the bitter experience of martyrdom for Spiritualism. What will be her fate in the future should she live to place an O to her age, God only knows. It makes our heart ache to think of the coarse conduct which, through ignorance, was manifested by the teacher towards this child-medium. Does not this simple fact alone show the necessity of teachers being themselves taught in the science of Psychology before they attempt to teach children? Who can tell the number of infant stripes felt, and infant tears shed, through the psychological power of spirits? May our educators take a warning from this!

We sat with these mediums on Sunday evening, March 25th, when the following took place. Nelly's finger was used as a pencil, and formed on the table a number of, to us, illegible letters. One of the other children deciphered them with her spirit vision. It was instructions to Mr. Fusedale to open the *séance* by reading the first 27 verses of Luke, 17th. During the reading of Scripture the spirits rapped approval, and rapped at the 27th verse.

The spirits were asked if they would like a hymn? The answer was given by raps. Would they themselves sing one? "Yes." Fred exclaimed that he distinctly heard "Sun of my soul" sung by a spirit. We heard nothing. The family now sang the same piece, which was accompanied by loud rappings on the table keeping beautiful time.

At this sitting we received demonstrative evidence of the effect of repeating the Lord's prayer, which bears out the experience given by Mr. Howitt. A spirit came with very loud knock-

ings. It was asked if it loved Christ? One loud knock. Could we do anything for it? One loud knock. Should we pray for it? One loud knock. Would it kindly leave us? One loud knock. Mr. Fusedale repeated the Lord's Prayer and instantly the spirit departed, and we were in communion with better influences.

Another hymn, "I have a Father in the promised land," was sung by the family, the spirits accompanying as before, when the *séance* was brought to a close, to allow us to fulfil another engagement.

These children are beautiful examples of the power of Spiritualism to destroy fear of the Supernatural. They will not consent to go to bed, without their dear spirit-sister, Jenny, will go upstairs with them. They repeatedly meet her in the darkness, and always express pleasure at the sight. What a strange contrast to the children who are frightened at spectres and ogres, and all the horrible creatures of fancy, which foolish mothers picture on their minds to save them, as they suppose, from sin; but which haunt them in their silent moments, wherever solemnity reigns, whether in churchyards by night, or in the darkened chambers where they lie with their heads beneath the bedclothes, until sleep dissipates the unnatural terror! These Fusedale children have no such fear. What strong men and women such children will become! Who is not ready to go down on his knees and bless God for Spiritualism, which comes to redeem a generation from cowardice, and make men and women of those who are terrified at their own shadows. We would fain linger upon this pleasing fact—these children have no fear of the Supernatural; but they have a dread of bad spirits, and are properly taught to pray to God to send good spirits to protect them, and their prayers have been so often answered, that they keep the bad influences a long way off. After the incident at the school, when little Nelly was beaten through the dark spirit, Jenny, her spirit sister, said she would go with her in future; and she has never once been absent since.

To those who cannot accept Spiritualism through the mediumship of professional, grown-up mediums, these children may prove instruments in the hands of God to bring them to a knowledge of the Light and Life which are infinitely more precious than all that earth, with all its riches, can yield.

SPIRIT-COMMUNICATIONS—No. 14.

July 3, 1864.

Who can doubt the truth and use of communion with us, God's spirits, emancipated from earth's cares, and permitted, by his wisdom and kindness, to help to raise the human mind from its darkness and despair? Such is the true mission of Spiritism; but, as on man's earth, good and evil reign, at present, together, and will do so until the evil is finally subdued and vanquished by Christ's holy angels; even so, Spiritism must have its intrusive evil in the intercourse of evil spirits as well as good. Man being a free agent, it being God's purpose for him to choose his own path, it would be setting aside that purpose altogether, had good spirits alone been permitted communion. Happy indeed will that time be when it shall be so; and it will come to pass, ever very long. Spiritism is hastening that happy time, but it must fight its way, and clear aside the evil first. Then will be the millenium, talked of and longed for in all past ages. The millenium began with the world. The fall of man removed it. Man's complete, that is the complete subjugation of all evil, will restore it. Oh, let evil man in his own heart, seek for the beauty of the millenium time. Each saved soul experiences it; but when all shall be the Lord's, from the old man and maiden, when the sword shall be beaten into pruning-hooks, when the lion shall lie down with the lamb, in fact, when the reign of evil ends and holiness of the Lord is restored, then will the blessed time, the millenium be on earth. Then Christ can again revisit His children in form of man, and all spirit intercourse will be as full and free as before the fall. My child, leave off.

Q.—Why do you use the term Spiritism, and not Spiritualism?

S.—Spiritualism, in its accepted state, applies to high and holy objects. Thence, when speaking of the subjects of both good and bad spirits the term Spiritism is wisest, though not indispensable. The redemption of Christ is a complete work in every saved soul; but the great work will be complete in its highest and fullest completeness, only when all shall turn from evil to the Lord, when holiness shall cover the earth to the end thereof.

July 8, 1864.

Q.—Have not the highest spirits as much power over material objects as the lower and more undeveloped ones?

S.—Yes; but, as the holier the spirits, the more perfectly spiritual, as opposed to material, must be the communications, and as the earth sphere teems with the lower, undeveloped, and earth-bound spirits, who can so readily and willingly employ all materials to communicate with the sphere of human beings, in which, for divers purposes, they still love to move. The occasion must be very rare, indeed, for a highly developed spirit to exert its power over material bodies. The earthly with the earthly. The spiritual seeks its like, and hence the highest communications are intensely spiritual, and can only be experienced and understood by such as look at the subject from their

inner, or spirit-light. Seek such, my child. The lowest material manifestations have high purposes, being often the first steps to lead those who, &c., would never be moved by less material manifestations to seek into the inner truths of spirit-life. Such is God's goodness and loving kindness, often to draw men to him, by a way they know not of; for many sceptics seeking into these marvels from mere curiosity, are, against their own desire, or rather in spite of it, led into all truths. Leave off.

July 11, 1864.

S.—All who can take in the truth of Spiritualism must derive benefit; but many who are simple and only in a measure interested, and do not grasp the higher beauties of it, do not find benefit. To benefit by any truth you must assimilate it to your spirit wants, as food must be assimilated to the bodily requirements before real good can be wrought.

July 11, 1864.

Q.—Are the laws of nature worked by God Himself, or by spirits; or is there any force resident in matter, and so put there by God, that it can operate without His immediate superintendence of every individual instance in which the law operates; or, in other words, does God delegate His own power, so that He may be said to retire from nature, and leave the laws which He has given, to work themselves, or to work by means of appointed agents to whom their direction is intrusted?

S.—All matter is subservient to spirit. Life, in various ways, pervades all things by an intricate spiritual life, flowing downwards to the lowest thing in existence. Matter is in all things dependent upon spirit-action. God is omnipresent, every God-spirit receiving its power from His all-pervading spirit. Even as the things of earth shine in the light of the sun, which, but for its rays, would be dark, so each spirit working God's good work, for God, and by Him, it is God working through His direct agents in the natural objects of life. Nature is too intimately connected with all super nature, to be dis-connected. It is one great whole. Man, feeble, short-sighted, and weak, though vain, oftentimes looks but at the matter, whereas, the life itself is from the spirit pervading, breathing, atmosphere we live in.

July 12, 1864.

Q.—How should this impression, that God is at a distance from this world be met in an honest, sincere man, who has a difficulty in conceiving of immediate action?

S.—Let the inquirer ask his own soul, whether distance from those he loves does not tend rather to enliven love, and awaken fond desire to help in all their varied needs? Then remember God's spirit is not only present with His children, but has the God-power of aiding all, at all times. The power, the omnipresence, and the omniscience of God, can be but feebly understood by man's human imprisoned spirit. Faith there, must work, and the trust of a sincere Christian supply the want of a deeper knowledge of things incomprehensible whilst in this body. Be assured it is so.

July 13, 1864.

S.—The mystery of God's working, in the supernatural, over the material can never be fully comprehended by the finite mind. It is infinite in wonder and wisdom, God's triune, comprehending Father, Son and Holy Ghost, or spirit, is figured forth to human sense, in man's own image; he being the image of God, but fallen in sin. Man, once taking Spiritualism to his inner belief, feeling that his spirit, even in the body has the power of going free; for in dreams, trances, and even by will, whilst awake, can he, as it were, project his spirit to the place his will would take it. This is but a very feeble, faint figure of God's power of immediate presence in the spirit throughout the universe. My child, the subject is too deep. 'Tis unutterable in your earth tongue. The spirits of highest development cannot fully comprehend; for the comprehension of so vast a scheme would prove to be a God, and there is but one. Leave off.

August 2, 1864.

S.—Nature is so intertwined with super, or above nature, that the one cannot be disconnected from the other in relation to your world. Your world is the prototype of the spirit-land. All objects on earth are to be found spiritualized in the spirit-world. Earth is the nursery or training-home for the spirit. Your earth-body is a necessity in your material surroundings. Had sin never entered, the earth-body had not been suffering. Suffering is wrought by evil. Evil changed the face of the earth by bringing into its atmosphere the poisonous exhalations which arise in the form of evil things, poisonous adders, serpents, insects, plants, stinging things, &c. Such things are the result of evil, and therefore, belong exclusively to earth and the darker regions, from whence they originally sprang. Animals have their life from God, as you all have. That life is not extinguished, but will be re-created in some way in the spirit-land. No life is ever annihilated. It may be, and is, reproduced in various ways, such as I cannot now let you see. Leave off.

St. Leonards-on-sea.

F. J. T.

We understand that Mrs. J. M. Spear is enlarging and revising for publication her essay on "Woman," which, in its original form, she delivered before the Darlington Convention.

WILD FLOWERS.

(A VISION.)

TEARS? Yes, gentle reader; whilst I write, a deep sorrow is at my heart.

You have seen the leaf-stripped tree holding out to the sky its bare branches, and you may have thought of Death.

Yes, that fatal breath has passed over my soul, and torn from me my brightest joy. The rude rough skeleton of life alone remains.

Outside my little cottage all seems joyous. The sweet breath of heaven passing through the jasmine-trelleed window, gently kisses my aching brow as it bears upon its wings low smothered sounds of life; outside, daisies are raising their pretty heads as if wooing the fickle sunbeam which is dancing o'er them. All, all seem to speak of life and beauty, but not for me, since those I love are not here to see and hear, for remorseless death has robbed my heart of those leaves and flowers which made the tree of life look so rich and beautiful. What is now to me the song of the carolling lark, as it soars far up into the living sunlight, since no re-echoing song is heard within my blighted soul, whilst all nature seems glad, and sings with joy! Who, who shall know the bitterness, the lonely strickenness. I feel, for know, kind reader, within three months, I have followed to the cold, dark grave a husband, my strength, and a golden headed babe, my song; none, none but those who have lost a loving husband can conceive the first, and none but those who have cherished a lovely babe as an idol, can think of the mother's feelings, when pitiless death has frozen its fragrant breath, and sent it to the dull, cloddy earth, but to be thus robbed of both my heart's best joys.

Oh, God! Thou knowest what burning agony there is within my soul, drying up the springs of joy, making my life wearisome and this earth a desolate wilderness. All, all dark and lonely.

Thus did I feel and write when for the first few weeks I was so sadly left husbandless, childless, and like Rachael, I refused to be comforted because they were not.

One day I left my cottage with the intention of visiting the graveyard where all my hope lay buried. I wandered down the beautiful lane and through the orchard with its snowy blossoms, emblematical of the year's youth, for it was spring with all its busy life so redolent with melody. I could not forbear contrasting it with my own cold winter of life, and thus I ruminated until I reached the old village church! How beautiful it looked, one part grey and solemn with age, the other green and gay with clustering ivy! What recollections did the sight of this aged sanctuary awaken! For a moment the gates of memory were thrown back, and I beheld through the (to me) long vista of the past, bygone pictures. I remembered the childish fear I felt at its aged grotesque faces, when in childhood's days I wandered here, plucking the wee daisies, and as I beheld the little hillocks, wondered who slept there. Then, in another picture, I saw a manly form wooing my confidence and love, amidst the cold tombs. Here we often strolled and talked of love and happiness. 'Twas here I followed a beloved mother to the grave. I know many of these graves. Those who are tenants of them were my companions or friends. But, last sad scene of all, I cannot forget, 'tis seared upon my soul, here they lie together. I saw around me many an evidence of sorrowing love and family pride, the one in the gentle violets and lilies, the other in the costly sculptured tomb; but 'twas not for this I came. I came to water with my tears the flowers growing o'er my grave (I call it *mine* for my heart lies buried there.) I threw myself down upon the mound and sobbed as only the heartbroken can. I heeded not the ploughboy's merry whistle; I heeded not the busy hum of insect life; I heeded not the twitter of the innocent playful songster; I heeded none of these or the hundred other evidences around me which sweetly spoke of life, for life to me seemed living death. Thus I, in my bitterness, thought, until at length a strange calmness quietly stole over my senses. I did not sleep. It could not have been that, for I saw and knew all around me; yet the troubled sea of passionate feelings grew still. The rough hand of bereavement for a time ceased to strike into rude discordance the chords of my heart; but softly seraph's songs floated around me, and a sweet joy stole over me, as if some loved one was hanging over me. An indistinct form appeared in front of me; gradually it became more distinct. It was a godlike form, and by his side a sweet cherub stood, with golden hair and heaven-blue eyes. Oh, joy, I have a living recollection of that noble angelic being, clothed in light, whilst there shone upon his head a diadem, the gems with which it was studded scintillating like glass. I gazed more intently. It was my lost loved ones. I tried to cry out. I struggled to grasp those glorious forms, my child, my husband, but I could not move. Gentle voices sang a strain of melody so beautiful. My soul was sweetly calmed, and my angel husband spake—

"Wife, dear, why do you repine, and feel thus lonely. Am I not often near you to guard and love you. See here, I have brought you flowers from the heavenly gardens."

He then showed me a bouquet of lovely flowers. He took one and held it near to me, but it vanished. I could not understand this seeing, which he told me—

"It was so pure, the breath of worldlings dare not breathe upon it. Wife, dear, he continued, each of these has a lesson to convey."

And taking one from among them, he said—

"This is a passion flower. Do you see this tear-drop quivering upon its petals, 'tis sympathy for you. This flower is emblematical of Christ's passion, when on earth."

He sighed, then continued thus—

"Oh Garden of Olivet, dear honoured spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs' above,
The triumphs of sorrow, the triumphs of love."

Gethsemane! What varied feelings does that word raise in different souls. The scoffer, the infidel, and unbeliever, content themselves, perhaps, with only a scornful smile, an impatient movement, or, perchance, stay to argue the impossibility, or the ridiculousness of the solemn scene enacted there.

The worldling's thoughts, for a moment, halt a sudden jar of his feelings, and that word, like a flash of scathing lightning, strikes into the worldly chambers of that man's soul, and there in lucid characters stamps those sorrowful pictures. 'Tis but for a moment, and all is dark again. How does that word affect the Christian? When the cup of trouble trembles at his lips, what a charm it has, like a pitying angel from heaven, the word calls up a picture in which he sees a sympathising friend, to whom trouble and sorrow were familiar. To the bereaved and cloud-dimmed heart (and here the angel looked lovingly at me), 'tis a gleam of consoling sunlight, lining the cloud with silver, and tinging its edges with golden joy. In moments of happiness it falls like the "dew of Hermon," subduing and softening, yet strengthening the being's good feelings, and he wept in still sweeter happiness as he sees his love, his Christ weeping for him; for that word, at all times, and in all places, speaks to the Christian in tones of love and tenderness, calling up as it does that picture. When night had sheltered the world for a season from life and busy toil, in that lone garden up yon mount, when kind darkness had hidden from the very surrounding flowers that holy grief; night, when the glistening stars alone seemed to witness that heart-stricken, sorrowing love, like angel's dreamy, dewy eyes, they saw, yet spoke not. Those stars which, we are told, once sang together in joyfulness now were dumb. They seemed to behold this strange sight still glow in resplendent beauty unconscious, whilst that god-man who created them, beat Himself in agony to the dull, cold ground, and thus prayed and wept. Dear wife, do you ask what, or who for? For sinners such as you; and all this whilst others slept, and none seemed to watch, for though unseen to mortal eye, heaven's hosts had left their bright thrones above, and grouped themselves around that prostrate form, ready for the time to come when they should minister unto him. How often, my dear wife, do worldlings feel as if life had no ministering angels for them? How often do you despair and think God has forgotten you? Oh, remember this scene, and surely Christ, Himself in it, shall be the ministering angel to your soul. He can feel for you, for was He not a "man of sorrow, and acquainted with grief?" Yes, Jesus wept, but not as you weep. You have seen women's tears, and have felt pity and commiseration for other's woes. It was because Christ came down thus, and assumed humanity out of love for us. On this earth you cannot hope to understand the fulness of that love; nay, in heaven each age will bring, throughout eternity, only more and more knowledge of its extent, and but give us a greater realization of that tender godly love; for He suffered all this to redeem the otherwise lost creation. Have you thought of that scene, of this love? Have you wept in sympathy? Have you gone silently to the closet, and there poured forth your soul in thanksgiving for it? But another picture presents itself, or rather the panorama of that eventful life moves on. We hear, in the distance low smothered sounds, and soon a group of men approaches. What a strange view those flickering torches illumine. There stands Roman soldiers, Jewish rabbins, and a rabble of Gentiles and Jews. Here, surrounded by His now awakened disciples, stands Jesus. A figure advances from this strange intruding party, and walks up to that now comforted Christ, and, with hellish hypocrisy, impresses a kiss upon that personification of innocence, thus stamping Him with eternal Truth; for that kiss singled Him out and delivered Him up to fulfil His promise of redemption. We almost wonder that the breath from that Holy One had not blasted the traitor; but no, even then with all His wronged, rejected love to urge Him on to justice, He forbore and mercy, like cherub smiles, played around that god-man and thus is he led away by that wild throng, indeed, as "a lamb to the slaughter," deserted apparently by all but foes.

Alas, how often since then have men; how often do men now act that scene o'er again. Like a Judas do they lead on their

rabble passions and evil propensities, and betray their Redeemer with a hypocritical kiss to their fury, and the world's ill usage. Still does He strive with them in mercy; but let such remember "His spirit shall not always strive with man."

Scenes similar to that ever memorable garden one, have oft-times been enacted. Often have the butchers captured the innocent, and led them on to death. Happy the martyrs who were thus delivered to the devil's emissaries on this earth for their Christ's sake, for they are now with him in His realms of glory:—

"Where tears are wiped from every eye, and sorrow is unknown,
From the burden of the flesh, and from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Then weep no more, my wife, for us, for we are tenants of the skies. Thy husband and thy child are risen. We are not under this grassy sod, but above in the plains of heaven, we roam, whilst we join in that jubilant song of praise in glory everlasting; but now farewell, dear wife. I go, remember Christ's tears, and weep no more. Forget not that "there is sweet rest in heaven." When I next come thus, I will show you the spotless flower of "Love," and tell you an angel story. Farewell.

The vision faded amidst subdued music, which gradually assumed the melody of nature, and I rose, no more to feel despair, no more loneliness, no more sorrow. Joy, joy, all joy. They are not dead, but living. I have often seen them since, and will tell you another time about the flowers of love, purity, and many others which have since been shown to me with their pictures.

Adieu, gentle reader. Apply the vision and its lessons (if any you find), to thine own soul; and may God bless it, and make even "wild flowers" give a loving fragrance to thee. Such is the prayer of
H. H.

THE REVIVED GOSPEL OF SPIRITUALISM.

On Wednesday and Thursday evenings, the 21st and 22nd of March, Dr. McLeod, of Newcastle, holding a high position in the spiritualistic world as a "healing medium," delivered two lectures in the Black Bull Assembly Rooms, Hexham, on the above subject, entering into a "truthful and reliable" exposition of this "Divine philosophy." The audiences on both occasions were very select and attentive. The doctor is a man of striking appearance, an able and eloquent speaker, and enters into his subject with great spirit and enthusiasm.

The doctor resumed his seat amidst applause, and afterwards spent some considerable time in conversation with those desirous of obtaining further information on the subject.—"Hexham Courant."

[We hear that Dr. McLeod has lately developed a good trance medium. The doctor is also a healing medium.—Ed. S. T.]

WE observe that the closing of the Sunday Evening Lectures at St. Martin's Hall has not killed the spirit which inspired them. A new series is announced to take place at Cleveland Hall:—

April 1st. Professor F. W. Newman, Esq.—"Is National Morality dependent on National Religion?" M. D. Conway, Esq., in the Chair.

April 8th. James Heywood, Esq.—"The Early History of the World"—Illustrated with Diagrams. J. Baxter Langley, Esq., in the Chair.

April 15th. William Maccall, Esq.—"The Conflict of Opinion at the present day." Richard Moore, Esq., in the Chair.

April 22nd. Miss Emma Hardinge.—"The Progress and Destiny of the Soul." Mark E. Marsden, Esq., in the Chair.

We are pleased to see any effort made to bring Miss Hardinge before the working classes. We hear (we hope it is well founded) that Miss Hardinge is to be invited to lecture at the Marylebone Institution.

SOLITUDE.

O! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!
Who think it solitude to be alone.
Communion sweet! communion large and high!
Our reason, guardian angel, and our God—
Then nearest these, when others most remote,
And all, ere long, shall be remote but these.

YOUNG.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS and Mr. FAY, having made a successful tour in Ireland and Scotland, will finish their *séances*, at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square, on the evenings of Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday morning—April 9, 10, 11, 13, and 14. Admission to the Cabinet *séance*, 3s. and 2s. Dark *séance* Tickets 5s. The Davenport Brothers and Mr. Fay deny in the most full and explicit manner that they ever have admitted they were conjurors; and solemnly declare that the manifestations which take place in their presence are neither produced by themselves nor by confederates.

To commence at Eight o'clock.

DR. McLEOD is prepared to receive calls to lecture, and make such engagements as will not necessitate his stay from home more than two days. Address, Dr. McLeod, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRESPONDENTS will please to write legibly on one side of the paper only, and as concisely as possible. If this rule is not observed we may be compelled to reject even valuable compositions.

Our readers will favour us by sending accounts of Apparitions, Hauntings, &c. We wish to give as many facts as our space will admit. Correspondents should allow their names and addresses to appear; accounts of a supernatural character should be given to the public free from all suspicion.

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Printed and Published by the Proprietor, ROBERT COOPER, at the *Spiritual Lyceum*, 14, Newman-st., Oxford-st., in the County of Middlesex, Saturday, April 7th, 1866.